

The Alien Prince

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The Alien Prince

by [ZillyEmo](#)

Summary

Sneezy gets his form changed by Ratboy Genius to help him adapt better to Little King John's dimension. Little King John doesn't know how to cope then gets really sick (vaguely based on a version of the frog prince!)

Notes

I made a drawing of a humanoid Sneezy the same day I read a version of the frog prince where the curse is broken by sharing a bed and a plate for three days. almost immediately after I was tormented by visions of this fic til I finished it, hope yall enjoy it!!!!!!

Chapter 1

When Buck Dodger was told that his mission to accompany Little King John had been extended indefinitely he thought he would resent the news.

but surprisingly, he didn't reject the idea at all. as he had grown accustomed, and even fond of, The strange king and his blossoming kingdom.

His only preoccupation was his inability to adapt to the environment and when he voiced this concern, Ratboy Genius himself offered to gift him a brand new form that would feel suited to such a flooded world.

And a new form he delivered! and Buck was very pleased with it, despite not being exactly what he had in mind.

When the Ratboy described it as "suited for a flooded world" he expected gills or perhaps an increase in amphibian traits.

Instead he found himself a biped. something quite humanoid but maybe too alien to be considered a full fledged human. He didn't understand why the change had been so radical when his previous form changes had been relatively minimal.

but he no longer felt sea sick, the humidity no longer gave him breathing problems and he enjoyed walking on two legs so he welcomed the change with open arms.

He also found his new form useful for manual work as it had more dexterity, the thumbs were a nice detail too. Overall, he had been feeling quite content in his mission and pleased with his work and himself.

yes, everything was going well for Buck Dodger on paper, but one small detail had been annoying him recently: John had been distant since he had changed. He barely spoke to him and seemed to avoid him. Buck figured he was simply having a hard time adjusting to his new appearance and that the best course of action would be giving him space, but it had almost been a week and he was getting sick of it. he wanted his friend back.

It was a nice, sunny day and Buck was busy tending to the kingdom's farm. working the soil and sowing potatoes and carrots, when he noticed Little King John in the distance.

"Greetings, John!" he said to the king with a friendly wave

"Greetings, Sneazy" responded John, his semblance as serious as his tone "It is a fine morning today"

"sure is" said Buck

Little King John stared at him. Buck Dodger stared at him back, expecting for the conversation to go somewhere...

"you also make a good farmer, so good job" Said Little King John

"um, thank you?" replied Buck

The king nodded in approval, as if that was the desired answer "anyways" he said, turning his back to Buck "I'll be busy all day and maybe tomorrow so please do not disturb me"

"That's ok! I'm glad we got to tal-" and John was gone, he didn't even wait for Buck to finish talking

"we can't keep going like this" he thought to himself "I'll have to confront him soon"

Little King John rushed to his brand new castle very agitated, almost trembling. he slammed open the door of his room and furiously scribbled in his diary:

"Dear diary, I have tried to suppress this awful new feeling that has been weighing on me like a boulder in the bottom of my stomach. I'm miserable , I have to admit it.

Sneezy is hot now."

He closed his diary, despite not giving the ink time to dry, and threw himself on his bed face down to then scream onto his pillow.

Once Little King John felt satisfied with the amount of screaming he had muffled with his pillow, he laid on his bed. His limbs stretched as thin as possible making him look, and in a way also feel, like a big, sad pile of conflicted noodles.

Why did he look like that? why him? was this some sort of psychological warfare tactic? Because if it was, that stupid rat had won! his pride would let him admit that much if it meant he could turn him back to normal and then erase everyone's minds.

he thought about Sneezy, the strange alien creature that he had picked up from a desolate piece of land. together they had endured months of harsh weather and uncertainty. they singed together, they laughed together, they cried together. their friendship had even survived treason. that is how much they loved each other.

it was like his magic girl mascot had turned into his love interest overnight, what did they want him to feel? that was messed up! the truce was off! Ratboy Genius was his enemy again! he had decided that next time he saw him his vengeance would be terrible, he was going to kick his ass, he was going to-

"Ribbit, Little King John" called a voice from outside his room "is everything alright?"

"go away Old Froggy, I'm dwelling on my misery and I don't wanna talk about it"

"that is alright, Little King John. you don't have to talk about it, but if its about the new appearance of-"

"Its not!" rushed to reply Little King John "I promise you it is not!"

"as I said, you don't have to talk about it" said Old Froggy "but I do want to tell you: the only constant in life is change and the sooner you accept this, the less miserable you will feel"

"ugh, what do you know about change and misery?" said Little King John bitterly

"When I was a baby tadpole I was born with a tail. I loved my tail very dearly, but one day I woke up to it on the floor and I no longer had a tail. this made me miserable for a long time ,but I learned to live without it! and I learned to love myself again even without my tail. then one day, without warning and after I put all that work towards living a tail free life, it grew back! what I'm trying to say is that sometimes life just happens and you have to keep on living."

"that is a very moving story" said Little King John "but it has nothing to do with me or my situation"

"Ribbit, If you need someone to talk to just send me a message and I'll come see you"

Little King John sighed, covered himself with his blanket and decided that the thing that would help him the most in that moment would be taking a nap.

Little King John thought a little depression nap would help him feel better. instead, when he woke up it was almost night time and he was feeling dizzy and like his throat was awfully sore.

he took his blanket off himself and immediately regretted it, as he felt the most terrible, feverish cold trough his bones.

he tried to get up, but fell to the ground pathetically. as although most of his body went back to normal while he slept his legs had tangled into a knot.

he hadn't been sick in years and he just had to get sick now, great.

once again, there was a knock on his door.

"Little King John?" called Sneezy from outside "I know you asked me to not bother you, but I really need to talk to you. could you please let me in?"

"I'm not in the disposition to open the door just now" he replied, still on the ground.

"If its something I said, I'm very sorry! can't we just...go back to normal?"

"what are you talking about? its just that..." he hesitated "if I open the door, you won't make fun of me?"

"I promise"

"very well, but you promised!" said Little King John as he stretched his arm and unlocked the door

Sneezy opened the door. when he looked at him he ,very seriously, said:

"Oh dear, you look like a pair of tangled headphones"

"you promised not to make fun of me!" exclaimed Little King John, trying to sit down

"I didn't laugh so it doesn't count"

"stop the nonsense and just help me"

Sneezy helped him untangle his legs. it took him a minute and he messed up twice, but soon enough Little King John regained his mobility.

Sneezy helped him get up and sit on the bed.

"John, you don't look too well. are you feeling ok?"

"Its just a little cold, I am as healthy as a horse and will most likely sleep it off"

Unconvinced, Sneezy touched his forehead and grimaced "you are burning up! I'll go tell Old Froggy so we can get you some medicine"

"don't be dramatic! its nothing, I'll just... go back to sleep a little longer" he said, laying down again.

Sneezy covered him with his blanket and closed the door of his bedroom on his way out, then he went straight to Old froggy, so they could see what could be done with the sick king.

Chapter 2

Considering the fever was very high, Old froggy got his backpack ready and made his way into the nether first thing in the morning to get the ingredients for a healing potion. leaving Buck Dodger as the sole caretaker. he was instructed to make sure he eats and drinks even if he didn't feel like it and to keep a wet towel on the king's forehead.

the first day Buck felt a little uneasy, things between them had been awkward for quite a while now and he didn't know what to expect.

John didn't look at him in the eye, nor did he talk to him much either. he briefly thanked him when he brought him his breakfast, that he barely touched, and when he brought him a cup of tea, but that was about it.

John mostly slept trough the afternoon so Buck tried to attribute the little king's avoidant behavior to sickness.

dinner time came and Buck dodger had finished cooking. he served two bowls of freshly made oatmeal he intended to eat with John as he thought maybe the company would do him good.

Buck set a chair next to his bed and gave him his bowl to then eat his oatmeal in silence.

Little King John looked at his oatmeal, then looked at Buck's and finally he frowned

"I'm not really hungry..." he said

"You need to eat, at least try it" said Buck

Little King John half heartedly stirred his oatmeal "How come yours has chocolate chips and mine doesn't?" he complained

"You are ill so I thought making it bland would be easier to stomach. besides ,I thought you weren't gonna eat?"

"I am not, I wouldn't eat even if it had chocolate chips"

Buck dodger rolled his eyes, in the time he had known Little King John he had grown so much as a person...but some things will never change.

"here" he said, putting a spoonful of his oatmeal Infront of the king's face "try some of mine then"

"I am not a baby, I can feed myself" Said Little King John, deeply offended.

"you sure act like a baby" replied Buck with a chuckle " say AAA"

John frowned again, not amused by his friend's teasing. despite himself, he ate the offered oatmeal and as soon as he chewed it his expression softened "that is definitively much better"

he said, quite pleased.

and so, Buck kept offering him spoonful's of oatmeal and Little King John kept eating "dear god" Thought Buck Dodger to himself "he sure is spoiled, whatever gets his majesty to eat"

when they both finished eating, Buck took the dirty dishes and was about to get out the room when John broke the silence:

"thank you for helping me, Sneezy. I don't know what I would do without you...I really appreciate you"

"Oh!" said Buck, joyfully "I appreciate you too. I hope you sleep well ,Little King John. make sure to brush your teeth before bed. I'll be back later to change your towel"

"it was very nice to see him open up like that" thought Buck to himself as he went back to the kitchen "I'll take it as a sign things are okay now"

the second day, caveman visited them to give Little King John a get well soon card, which seemed to make him quite content and they had light conversation that was as nice as their usual talks, but Buck Dodger was getting worried.

Old Froggy had yet to return and John's condition continued to deteriorate. his fever would not go down and he didn't know what else to do.

Buck Dodger changed the wet towel on the little king's forehead to then sit on the chair next to his bed.

"Sneezy, go to sleep already" said John, his voice a sleepy murmur "its getting late"

"I'll go to sleep after you do" said Buck "don't worry about me"

"id say the same thing, you don't have to watch me sleep" said John " its not like I'm gonna go anywhere"

Buck laughed "I don't believe you, so I'll keep guard just in case"

Little King John blew a raspberry at him playfully before getting himself into a more comfortable position "okay, good night then. just make sure you go to sleep at some point "

"I will" replied Buck Dodger solemnly, but he had lied. opting instead to remain there, watching over him.

the third day Buck was in hysterics. Johns fever was getting higher and he refused all food and drinks except a small glass of water he was able to coax him into drinking.

Little King John was delirious. he went back and forth between unrestful sleep and mumbling gibberish. Buck felt heart broken and powerless, he changed his towel again but he felt like it just wasn't cutting it.

he sat on his chair and tried to think, was there anything he could do at all? then he remembered: they had acquired a snow golem recently and snow had to be better at keeping him cool than just a wet towel.

"I'm gonna go out just a second" he said to the king "I need to get you something, I'll be back soon"

but when Buck Dodger tried to get up, John reached out and held onto his clothes "don't leave me alone" he said, his voice the saddest most exhausted whisper "don't go"

"woah! its okay, its okay" said Buck, letting himself be dragged to John's bed "I won't go anywhere"

John made space on his bed for him to lay with him and then cuddled up to Buck, resting his head on his chest. Buck caressed his back in an attempt to comfort him. the feeling was a little strange to him as they had never been this physically close, but John was so sick he didn't have it in him to stop cuddling him. whatever he could do to provide relief.

"Sneezy...my dear Sneezy"

"yes, John?"

"you are my best friend, you know that?"

"I do know that"

"before I die, could you promise me something?"

"you are not dying, just delirious. you will be fine"

"I need you to marry me"

"what?"

"so when I die you can inherit my kingdom, my people need someone to guide them. they need another king. you need to marry me before I die, ok? promise me that"

"O-okay, I promise"

"thank you, you are the best royal consort in the world" he said resting his head in the hollow of Buck's neck

Buck giggled "I try my best, just go back to sleep ok?"

"you are so warm and soft" said John, his words slurred "you would look so good...in a black suit..."

Buck kept rubbing his back until the little king fell asleep in his arms.
Old froggy needed to hurry up.

Buck Dodger woke up very early, so early the sun had yet to come out. he very carefully retired his numb arm from under the sleeping king and was about to go back to sleep when he noticed two banners and a bottle on the side table.

the banners read: "please make little King John drink this potion when awake" and "I didn't want to wake you up. Ribbit."

being caught in such a tender scene with Little King John made Buck felt a little embarrassed, but there was no time for embarrassment. he grabbed the potion and softly shook the little king by the shoulder.

"hmmm?" said John, annoyed at the disturbance " what...?"

"you need to drink this, here" said Buck, taking the cork off the bottle.

half asleep and with Buck's assistance, the king drank the healing potion till the last drop then laid down again.

To Buck Dodger's surprise, Little King John reached out his arms silently asking for him to cuddle again.

he hesitated, but how could he deny his poor, sick friend comfort when he needed it the most? Besides, it was too early and he was sleepy too...it was probably fine. and so, he went back to bed. and Little King John held onto him with a sigh of contempt, or maybe relief, before he went right back to sleep.

Buck smiled and surrounded him with his arms. It was nice.

Little King John woke up by noon. well rested and healthy! he rubbed the sleep off his eyes and yawned to then come to the horrifying realization he was sleeping right on top of the apple of his eye and the motive of his conflict.

He unhandled the man and got up. as if the warm body and silk bedding had suddenly turn into burning charcoal "what's going on!? how did we get here!?" the king thought to himself. last thing he remembered was thinking about the mysterious christmas tree that materialized in his room despite being in the middle of summer and now, there they were, snoring with their legs intertwined.

naturally, the abrupt rejection of his embrace woke up Sneezy.

"good morning Little King John" said Sneezy, still sleepy "or is it afternoon? I think we overslept"

"I think Its afternoon indeed" Said Little King John, scanning Sneezy's expression in search of clues that would make the situation clear.

but Sneezy didn't display confusion or anything of the sort. He was acting as naturally as if they had cuddled to sleep together every night of their lives and honestly Little King John didn't know how to feel about it. should he say something? he had to say something.

"Ribbit! are you guys awake?" called Old Froggy from downstairs "is Little King John feeling better? ask him if he wants some pancakes, I'm cooking brunch right now"

Little King John's stomach growled and Sneezy laughed "I guess you do want pancakes!"

Little King John would have liked to argue, but he couldn't deny he was starving...talking could wait, he had pancakes to eat now.

Sneezy and Little King John shared pancakes and chocolate milk as they listened to the dramatic tale of Old Froggy and how he risked his life in the depths of that fiery dimension.

Chapter 3

In a way, this illness had been a blessing in disguise for Little King John and Sneezy. the awful experience had brought them closer and their relationship was mostly back to normal.

But Little King John could not stop thinking about the night they shared his bed. he would have liked to discard the incident as just part of his feverish delirium, but he knew very well whatever they had going on was very much real. and although he had learned to live around Sneezy, his strange new feelings were still present.

if anything, Sneezy's help through a very vulnerable moment in his life just fueled his attraction.

because for him it was easier to be awake doing something rather than trying to sleep only to be kept awake by his thoughts, Little King John found himself delaying his bed time every day a little further in favor of playing the piano and the magic flute.

one night, a little past midnight. Little King John played a sweet melody on his magic flute, it was not any song in particular, just some tune he had improvised and had been changing for an hour or two now.

"Little King John, that is a very fine song you are playing" said Sneezy, abruptly opening the unlocked door of Little King John's bedroom "but I would surely like it better in the morning or perhaps later in the afternoon."

Little King John stopped playing immediately, startled by the sudden interruption "I would like it better if you knocked before entering my room" he exclaimed, very annoyed.

"don't change the topic" replied Sneezy firmly

"I'm very sorry for annoying you so late" said the king "but give me just another hour, I can't sleep just yet"

"its not like you can't play the flute tomorrow, why can't you sleep now?"

Little King John felt his face warming up. if he only knew "its complicated...I just can't"

Sneezy sighed annoyed as he closed the door to then go lay on the king's bed "okay" he said, extending his arms "let me help you sleep then"

Little King John froze. was this a trap? was it a dream? was this how sailors felt when mermaids tempt them to die at sea?

"...are you serious?"

Sneezy shrugged "it has helped you sleep before"

his face went from warm to burning up, but he didn't argue nor did he reject Sneezy's offer. silently, Little King John put his flute down and awkwardly laid right next to Sneezy who hugged him tightly.

"comfortable?" asked Sneezy

"very" replied Little King John, his face buried in Sneezy's chest

"me too, goodnight John"

When Little King John got over the initial bashfulness and anxiety ,he savored the affection he had craved since forever.

and as Sneezy rubbed his back and softly scratched his head, he drifted to sleep. thinking to himself how comfortable, safe and loved he felt.

Chapter 4

After that night, Buck Dodger started co-sleeping with Little King John regularly. he was very aware how...close they had become and how this new habit of theirs blurred the platonic and romantic lines of their relationship.

He could admit he was a little oblivious to John's feelings at first, but the little king's agonizing marriage proposal really opened his eyes as to why he had been acting so strangely.

Once this fact dawned on him, Buck had a lot to process. before they met he had hated Little King John to death and he thought he would never forgive him for hurting his friend, Summer Solstice Baby.

but the time they had spend together and the efforts John had made to be a better person had made all of Buck's hate slowly grow into the sweetest platonic affection towards him.

however, at one point between the pause in their friendship and one of their shared nights. this affection grew and morphed into something else.

in sickness and in health, quirks and all: he really liked Little King John!

and yet there was one small problem. because of his devotion to open space exploration and his work with the galactic friends he never had the time to have a significant other, so romance and all its intricacies were a mystery to him.

he followed his heart the best he could, but he had gotten himself into a Schrödinger's partnership and the tension that thrilled him at first had started to make him feel nervous.

the lack of clear labels was driving him insane, but he didn't want to ruin what they had. he wouldn't wish this on his worst enemy.

Buck laid in John's bed and read a book as he awaited the king to finish taking a shower. when he finally did, a big cloud of steam followed him out the bathroom.

"I can't stand summer" exclaimed Little King John as he put on the shirt of his matching blue pajama "I'll have to start showering twice a day"

"aw, I like summer" said Buck putting his book on the side table "But I do agree with you, the heat is unbearable"

Little King John joined him in bed as he spoke "at least the crops are enjoying it, we won't have to worry much about food this winter"

"well that is good , honestly I can't wait for the cold and the darkness of winter" said Buck

"I never took you for a winter enthusiast"

"In a way, it reminds me of being in space. its nostalgic I guess"

"I been to space before" said John as he laid his head on Buck's shoulder "I didn't find it particularly cold or dark"

"that's because you have only experienced space travel on a spaceship. actually being in space is much different" Said buck, surrounding him with his arm and pulling him closer "the cold and darkness of space is all consuming yet so refreshing and freeing, like swimming in the bottom of the ocean. "

John stayed silent for a moment, lost in thought, before he finally asked "Sneezy...do you ever miss your old life?"

"sometimes, but every day a little less. besides, If I went back I would miss our life too much to enjoy myself anyways"

"good" said Little King John "I can't imagine a future without you, it would be too weird"

"yeah...me neither"

Buck Dodger felt himself as if walking on a tightrope, regardless of his inexperience he knew perfectly that asking "what are we?" in that moment would be not only a mood killer but also dangerous, as he wasn't sure what would happen after he got his answer.

but then John looked at him, his pretty blue eyes half open and staring at him so sweetly. Buck didn't even think about it, he kissed him in the lips then immediately regretted it when he saw the king's placid expression morph into pure shock. he had crossed the thin, blurred line and now there was no going back.

"I am so sorry!" said Buck in a panic "I don't know why I did that I-"

"Sneezy, you idiot!" replied John, his voice cracked like he was holding back tears "why didn't you do that earlier!?"

"I didn't know it was an option!" he replied, laughing out of anxiety and the pure bliss of reciprocal feelings

"stop it! its not funny!" said John, turning his back at him in anger

Buck spooned him, still laughing "I'm not laughing at you! I'm laughing at ourselves, we should have addressed the elephant in the room sooner"

"I guess so...but now what?"

"I'm not sure, what do you suggest?"

John thought about it for a minute "lets get married?"

"too fast" said Buck "give that idea a few years"

the little king thought a bit harder "what if we start dating formally?"

"perfect! I accept"

"marvelous, its all set then. lets hold hands and walk trough my kingdom tomorrow"

"sounds like a plan"

"before we go to sleep can I request something?"

"anything"

John shifted, facing his lover once again "give me another kiss...please"

he gladly obliged.

Chapter 5: Epilogue: operation frog prince

meanwhile. in another dimension, in another time, on another planet. a very silly and joyful man knocked on the door and successfully invited his really big and really green boyfriend to join him on his daily bike ride around the nearby moons and dwarf planets.

"so ,tell me" asked Happy Man as he drove through the streets "what exactly is "operation frog prince"? I heard The Baby mention it yesterday"

"oh, didn't you hear?" replied Green Monster "The Caterpillar minister is really interested on making Little King John a member of the galactic friends. he thinks they could use his magic, but Ratboy Genius and Summer Solstice opposed to it so the three of them came up with a plan to make him a little less of a liability. Luckily enough, Buck Dodger had been grieving about how miserable he had been in the flooded world. so, Ratboy Genius gave him a new form but he also sneakily made him as physically appealing to Little King John as he could: his personal blue prince if you will"

"Ohhh, that explains the name! but...why?" said Happy Man

"understandably, they are still quite shaken about the kidnapping incident and Ratboy Genius thought that giving him a new muse would be best to help everyone involved, you know, to mellow him out and make sure he doesn't relapse on his baby stealing tendencies"

"I mean, I understand the thought process " said Happy Man "But that sounds...messy"

"oh for sure" said Green Monster "messy is an understatement id say"

"as far as I know Little King John and Buck were pretty close so maybe they will be okay"

"Yes, of course" said Green monster "they will figure it out"

"also I have to ask" said Happy man "how did they even know how to make him appealing to Little King John?"

"It wasn't that hard, they kind of just asked Old Froggy and he snooped trough his diary"

Happy man accelerated the velocity of his trusty bike "well now that I have been informed: lets talk about riding!"

Green monster smiled "You read my mind! I was just thinking how could I steer this conversation in that direction"

Happy Man laughed, and they went faster and faster until they lifted off and rode far away from their current planet.

for a while they were glad to simply enjoy each other's company and the comfort of the quiet hum of Happy Man's bike as they made their way into the depths of space.

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